

# RUNAWAY ON THE A. AND B.

By JAMES EDWARD DUNNING.....

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The G. P. A. put his head into the general superintendent's doorway and said:

"Old Tympan's out there again, I see, Palmer."

"No use," replied the general superintendent. "His name came in two hours ago. I told him to report here next time he got drunk. This finishes him."

Five minutes later old Tympan, after forty years of service for the A. and B., went tumbling down the stairs because he was drunk at the Hancock street switch the day the directors went up the line. Palmer had given him a pass home, eighty miles up the road, and then fired him with ten of the words Palmer wasn't accustomed to using on ordinary jobs.

Train No. 8 pulled in while Tympan fumbled the pass on the platform, and he climbed in and found a double seat in the smoker. He knew only that he was out of a job, with a full pint in his coat and Palmer's transportation to take him up home, where he could camp down for the winter with the boys. He had threatened that many times. They deserved it for letting him work for a living.

"Taking vacation, Tympan?" asked Hennessy of No. 8 when he came through for tickets. Tympan admitted he was off for a bit of time up the road.

"Guess you ain't coming back right off," taunted Hennessy. "The return check on your pass don't seem to be in sight. Long lay off, eh, Tympan?"

Tympan sat up, pulling his hat over his eyes.

"Dick Hennessy," he said, "you go slow on yer kiddin' 'r I'll roast you one of these days 'r bel'n' so smart. You've fired me, you c'n bet—yes, they have; fired me good, but I'm next to Palmer yet. An' I heard what Palmer told the G. P. A. this mornin' about your runnin' over orders twice last week. I know somethin', an' don't you kid me no more!"

Train No. 8's conductor ignored the challenge, partly because he dared do no more. He knew the whole operating department had been knocking everybody in sight because old Tympan, invariably drunk and disorderly, held his job while better and younger and sober men were overhauled in Palmer's office for nothing more than leaving stations half a minute ahead of orders or failing to vize the annual of some of the spying directors who went up and down. R. H. Palmer got a master tongue lashing those days from the rank and file, and now that the dismissal had really come Hennessy was no more skeptical than any of the others concerning the general superintendent's honest intention of keeping Tympan out of service.

Hennessy tried to conciliate Tympan on his next trip through, but the old man lay with his hat over his face, steaming with rage, too angry even to curse. No. 8 was making beautiful work, and Hennessy felt better than usual. He had eight cars with a big load of women and kids and wanted to be on time anyway because it was his lay off that Saturday and there was an all night game in the "club" at home.

At Ineburg Hennessy got his usual orders, everything all straight, and left on time. The rear brakeman found him just afterward and said:

"Hear about the wild freight went up ahead of us? She's a big one, and it wouldn't surprise me if she got stuck on the Long Misery and held us at Lyshon."

Hennessy knew his man was right. Lyshon station is at the foot of a thirteen mile grade known for good reasons as "the Long Misery." If a freight got hung there ahead of No. 8, it meant everything balled up, for the A. and B. is a single line, and the directors won't stand for a sliding between Lyshon and Oldtown, the station at the crest of the Long Misery.

Hennessy took the platform at Lyshon before No. 8's brakes held her and sought the dispatcher in the dingy station.

"Wild freight?" echoed the telegrapher. "Yes, went up an hour ago. Big train? Yes, big train, but she's got a good rail, and I don't believe she'll hold you a minute."

Hennessy went out and looked in the book by the station door. He found where the wild freight had reported and saw with satisfaction that she was in charge of Bitters, one of the ring, and sure to do his best to get that heavy train out of the way long before Hennessy came along.

Lyshon was on the card for only thirty seconds, but Hennessy risked a trifling delay and went back to the operator:

"Can't you ask Oldtown, just for a chance, if that freight's showed up yet?" he asked.

Wild freight 548 started over the Long Misery in good order that Saturday and made excellent time for eight miles or more. Then she was stopped by a shaky injector in the mogul. Bitters left his caboose and ran up ahead in time to see his redheaded engineer grab up the wrenches and start from his seat.

"Go ahead lively as you can, Mike," he shouted.

Mike gave the mogul and steam. She strained for a moment while her drivers roared and then shot ahead as hard as Mike bounced out of his seat. The train had broken apart seven cars down, leaving thirty-three detached

before the mogul could gather herself to back up and catch the breakaway the fugitive section was slowly moving off, very slowly, down the head end of the Long Misery.

"Back up, Irish! Back up and catch 'em!" screeched Bitters.

"You can't do it!" yelled a breathless brakeman who came up from the rear, "because the gear's just completely out of the head of that section and there wouldn't be nothin' to make a couplin' to if you caught 'em, which it ain't likely you'll do anyway."

Bitters was thinking of Hennessy and No. 8. If No. 8 were on time, she was just leaving Lyshon. Chances were she was late. He knew Hennessy. It was for him to reach Oldtown in time to stop No. 8 at Lyshon. Bitters sickened at the thought of the Saturday night rush of women and children which had given Hennessy's train the name of the "nursery express."

They worked quickly then. In thirty seconds Bitters was in the cab, and his Irish engineer was giving the mogul steam enough and some to carry. Bitters figured it was four miles to the goal, and the way they paced it off made it impossible for him to say he was disappointed when he jumped off at Oldtown.

"No. 8, hold her at Lyshon. My freight's busted, an' thirty-three of 'em are on the grade, goin' to beat thunder!"

"No. 8?" The dispatcher's face was pie crust. "She left Lyshon six minutes ago, late." He went back to his instrument and sent "Seventeen," the clear out signal, to warn the road south of him, but as he did so he knew that No. 8 was coming up Long Misery ten minutes late, straight into the teeth of the worst runaway the A. and B. had known.

Hennessy was fuming at Lyshon, for he couldn't afford another second, yet Oldtown had seen nothing of the wild freight.

"Better wait for another report from Oldtown," said the operator. But Hennessy was six minutes late then and resolved to go on up the grade. He signaled his engineer and jumped on the rear. The brakeman was there and grinned when the conductor cursed his luck.

Hennessy, half way through the door, wheeled. There, away back by the station platform, only a fading bit of dismal detail in the familiar view, was old Tympan standing in the middle of the track and waving crossed arms.

"Left and signaling us to come back for him," said the rear brakeman. Hennessy spoke eloquently, looking at his watch. The time frightened him. "I'll not go back for him," he cried. "I can't be!"

There was that in the rear brakeman's eyes which stopped Hennessy. Suppose he should leave Tympan at Lyshon over Sunday, with no train either way, and suppose the old man's pull with R. H. P. were still working, and suppose the young husband of her who was Nell Tympan, he who worked in the G. P. A.'s office, should—

And there was old Tympan himself standing in the middle of the track and signaling. "Back up, back up, back up." Could he afford to ignore the old fellow? Though it hurt him to do it, he said:

"No, I believe I'll go back for the old guy, Bill."

The rear brakeman pulled the cord, and Hennessy went in to reckon just how much over thirty minutes late he would be into Oldtown.

There was no denying that old Tympan was exceeding drunk. Hennessy smothered his wrath with difficulty as No. 8 backed into Lyshon, for he hadn't relished what he had heard of having called back the biggest train on the road. "I jus' went out there—r' out there—and sign'd, 'Back up,' and yer backed up, didn't yer? I tell yer, gents, there ain't er man of the r'od darst ter dis-ohbey my orders."

There was a scramble on the platform behind them, and the dispatcher came shrieking like a plow train at a blind crossing.

"Back up, Hennessy, for all you're worth!" he shouted. "Runaway freight—thirty something cars off the wild train coming down the grade—be here in less than a minute. Oldtown wired. Oh, Hennessy, look up the line!"

It was a cloud of sand and dust at the first curve in the Long Misery, three miles away.

Hennessy's knees wavered. The dispatcher struck him with his fist between the shoulders, crying: "Quick, man! Run her back into the siding and let the freight go by."

The passengers knew only enough to complain that they were horribly shaken up that afternoon near Lyshon. It was Hennessy himself who switched No. 8 into the siding and who thanked heaven with all sincerity that it was just long enough to take his train and leave the main line open. As he threw the switch his head went dizzy with the whirl of the freight. When the threatening thirty-three banged past, Hennessy gave not one look after, but faintly over the lever and hung like a uniformed scarecrow until they gathered him up.

His Great Opportunity.

"Ah, me!" sighed the nervous author as he trimmed the midnight lamp. "I've just been reading an article which says the sun's light will be extinguished in a million years from now. Ain't that terrible to contemplate?"

"It certainly is," replied the wife. "But you won't take my advice."

"What do you mean?"

"About saving money. Now is the time to lay by, with a view to taking stock in the gas companies."—Atlantic Constitution.

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## A THRIFTY TENOR.

Tamagno Walked, but His Carriage Bill Had to be Paid.

Several years ago a tenor named Tamagno was engaged to come to America and sing at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. He was paid \$1,000 a night. This is a sum which would make many people willing to put up with small extra expenses. But not so Tamagno. Before leaving Europe he made a stipulation that he be furnished with a carriage to and from the opera house every night. This was inserted in the contract.

When he arrived he found a carriage waiting at the pier. He rode uptown—always at the expense of the opera company—and took a look around. Then he decided to put up at the Marlborough hotel, which happens to be only three short blocks from the Metropolitan Opera House. Every time he sang he walked up to the opera house, refusing to take a carriage. He said he had just as soon walk. When it came time for him to return to Europe he presented a bill for over \$200 "for carriages to and from the opera."

"But you didn't take a carriage," said the manager of the opera company. Tamagno bowed low and invited the manager to look at the contract. He repeated the same suggestion whenever anything was said about it. The result, of course, was that the \$200 had to be paid. He stood out for it with as much insistence as if he hadn't seen a dollar for a month, and all the time he was getting \$1,000 a night.

## THE STARFISH.

This Peculiar Creature Can Neither See, Hear Nor Smell.

Unlike man, the starfish which loses one of its "arms," or properly its legs, grows a new one to take its place. Under certain conditions it grows two to take the place of one. A starfish may lose all its rays without losing its life, and very often a cripple with but a single ray left is found by fishermen and collectors. When completely broken in two the starfish becomes two distinct fish, and the growing process continues. The brittle starfish, it is believed, in many instances breaks off its own rays at the approach of danger. For this reason it is difficult to obtain a perfect specimen.

A starfish can neither see nor hear. Neither has it the sense of smell. In spite of these seeming impediments, nevertheless, it seeks and devours its prey as neatly as an ordinary fish. The starfish lies upon its prey and folds its "arms," or rays, completely about it. Then it pushes its stomach out through its mouth and will wrap even a large oyster and shell within the folds of the stomach. The mouth of the starfish is in the center of its rays.

Some great ships are today employed almost wholly in seeking for starfish specimens in deep seas, and there are hundreds of men who spend a portion of their time in collecting starfish in the interests of science. Many of the specimens collected by ships are taken from depths of one and even two miles.

## Supreme Test.

She was a Wisconsin girl of more than the usual share of this world's goods who became engaged to the man from Maine, a civil engineer, whose business was in the far west. Compelled to separate soon after the engagement, 2,000 miles soon divided the two lovers. Business duties called the man away, but frequent letters helped to shorten the months of separation. Turning her attention to cooking, this girl of almost unlimited wealth soon proved her devotion to her absent lover by mastering the difficulties of cooking in anticipation of that happy time when she should have a home of her own. Triumphant she wrote her lover, "I can make lemon pie, custard pie and Washington pie all myself!" Then did this man from Maine and the land of orchards assert his royalty to his home state most vigorously and back over the wires, 2,000 miles away, came this telegram, brief, but emphatic, "Try apple!"—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

## Pepp's Furnace.

An electric resistance furnace was used by Pepp in 1815 for the cementation of iron. He took a piece of pure, soft iron and cut a slit along its length. The slit was filled with diamond dust, which was prevented from falling out by fine iron wire. The portion of the wire containing the dust was wrapped in mica. The wire thus charged was heated quickly to redness by the current from a battery. On opening the wire Pepp found that the diamond dust had disappeared and that around where it had been the wire had been converted to steel.—London Engineer.

## Followed Her Instructions.

Mrs. N. was giving instructions to her new servant: "Before removing the soup plates, Mary, always ask each person if he or she would like any more."

"Very good, madam."

Next day Mary, respectfully bowing to one of the guests, inquired, "Would the gentlemen like some more soup?"

"Yes, please."

"There isn't any left."—Chicago Journal.

## An Odd Whist Deal.

A curious hand at whist was dealt at Grimsby, England, recently. The cards were shuffled and dealt in the usual way, but when the players looked at their hands they found that one of them had twelve spades, another eleven hearts, the third man twelve diamonds and the fourth eleven clubs. Spades were trumps.

## Improving.

She-I think I've been quite economical. Her Husband-Do you? She-Certainly. I'm sure we haven't run in debt half as much as last month.—Brooklyn Eagle.

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Proposals for Street Improvements.

Sealed proposals will be received at the office of the Town Clerk of the Town of Bloomfield, N. J., until Monday, April 24, 1905, at 8 P. M., for the construction of a 4 ft. blue stone sidewalk on the West side of Orange Street between Bloomfield Avenue and Dodd Street. The price to be paid for the work shall be as shown on the plan and specification. The following is a list of the work to be done: 3600 square feet of blue stone flagging. Plans and specifications may be seen at the office of Ernest Baechlin, Town Surveyor, National Bank Building, Bloomfield, N. J. Each bid must be accompanied with a certified check for \$50, drawn to the order of the Town of Bloomfield, as a guarantee of good faith of the bidder. The Town Council reserves the right to reject any or all bids. Each proposal must be sealed and endorsed "Orange Street Improvement Proposal" and addressed to Wm. L. Johnson, Town Clerk.

By order of the Town Council, Wm. L. JOHNSON, Town Clerk.

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